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# A Drop of Gold



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# Chapter 1 by Ashley Ponce

I stood there as I watched him kiss her, he didn't know I existed but, something told me that would change. I never realized that when summer came that he would become mine something big in my life. But, I'm getting ahead of myself here let me start with summer, summer is where he, we first noticed one another. That one glance would make me believe in love at first sight but, like myself I rejected it rejected love, love did not exists in my life in my heart. He made me feel something indescribable something I wanted to refuse but, couldn't.

Chapter 2 by Wonder Story - In College



## Past Summer:

We had met at the park. It was like love at first sight. We talked and laughed, I didn't know at the time that he had just broken up with a girl. He really seemed to like me and really wanted to like him but I also didn't want to like him. That whole summer we spent our time together was great, we never dated, but we acted like we did. At the end of summer, we almost kissed, but we were interrupted by his phone. It was his ex-girlfriend, and things were never the same.

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All of a sudden he pushed me away and I was left alone again. I tried to understand, but slowly I began to realize that he had been examining me for seconds and for each of us it was the same. I turned around and went to my house with a little more hope than I came with.

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The next day, he came to my doorstep with flowers and looking sheepish and holding flowers.

### Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



A trick of the summer heat? I rubbed my eyes, but still he remained, the same stupid look plastered onto his face. That cat-who-ate-the-mouse grin did not bode well for me. I sighed, inviting him into my summer home. As usual, my mother was off at the racetrack, and shouldn't be expected home for another three hours or so. She wasn't a gambler, per say - she was more of their savior. She spent her summers off from the office enticing hardened gamblers into programs guaranteed to cure their addictions in a week - give or take three hundred dollars and a forty percent success rate. Really, she was no better than the people she claimed to take a stand against.

He wandered into my house, apparently very interested in the rococo undertones my mother had insisted in instilling.

"Like something you see, Adam?" I toyed. "Other than me, of course."

"Nice to see that you still have your sense of humor, because you're gonna need that."

"Look, I already know what you're going to say. The answer is yes, okay? Stop looking at me like that."

He tilted his head. "Yes to what exactly, Adriana?"

I blinked. Had I been wrong? "Aren't you here to take me back?"

"N-no, not exactly. See, um..." He scratched his head, apparently at a loss of words. "See, the thing is...I have AIDS. I kind of wish that I had a better introduction for that and all, but I figure, there's really no way to fancy up the news."

I should have been outraged. I should have been practically flipping tables in his stupid face. But

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"Before you, yes!"

So much for a quiet summer.

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